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TERMS IN ADVANCE
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No. 371

LA MORGUE.
BY PAUL FELIX BROWNE.

And this is the end! for here alone
I lie at ease on a slab of stone,
No pain, no fear.
At ease I lie from the rest apart,
With a ragged knife thrust through the heart!
How user!—
How this water drops,
On my stony face and lips!
How it falling, seems to say:
"He is dead and passed away—
Passed away."

And this is the end! Is' not a shame,
A man who should have a brain
Thinking, throbbing?
I wonder if one who is far away,
In her dream of me at break of day,
Is going!
See that shaft of sunlight crawl
Stealthy, silent down the wall!
I wonder does it come to see
What a dead man's face might be,
Might be!

How does it come I am here at rest
With this ghastly knife-wound in my breast,
Can I tell?
Was it last night in the street we met?
Do I remember her?—her threat—
She who fell?
How she knelt to weep, to pray,
As I coldly turned away
Did she swiftly turn start,
And with dagger reach my heart—
Was it she?



The maiden started, and half raised herself from her reclining attitude.

The Cretan Rover; OR, ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL.

A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.
AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLYING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.
ZULEIKAH.

THREADING their way through the orange-bowered avenue, leading from the water to the kiosk, Julian Delos and Paul Malvern slowly and cautiously approached the wing of the building designed by the Ethiopian.

A short search discovered the window, sheltered by foliage, and upon this the Cretan tapped three times as directed.

A few moments of suspense followed, and then a slide in the window was drawn aside, and a disagreeable voice asked, in the Turkish tongue:

"Who signals?"

"Friends—we come from Mesrak, the Ethiopian—we would converse with you," said the Cretan, in a whisper.

"Wait."

The slide was again closed, and a moment after they beheld a small, dark form standing by their side. So noiseless had been her approach that the two young men were momentarily startled by her sudden appearance.

"I am here—what would you?" asked the woman, whose black face was plainly visible in the starlight, and appeared strangely ugly and cowering.

But she was richly dressed, and was evidently a trusted servant of Al Sirat Pasha.

"Here, place this purse in your belt, and it may improve your bearing and oil your tongue. You are Eldrene, are you not?"

"Yes; my lord is generous with his gold. What would he have me do?"

"Answer a few questions, first—where is she who was once the favorite of Al Sirat's harem?"

"Al Sirat Pasha has had many favorites."

"True; I refer to Alfarida, of Crete."

"Go ask the grave; she has been gone for years."

"Then Mesrak spoke the truth. Now, tell me, where is the Lady Zuleikah?"

The woman started and gazed searching into the face of the questioner; then she turned an earnest look upon Paul Malvern.

"What know you of the Lady Zuleikah?" she asked, after awhile.

"I know she is in the walls of this harem; it is my kindred; I would see her."

"To all who speak the language of the Turk we're useless to explain how inviolate is the sanctity of the harem."

"Yes, but gold keys will sometimes unlock portals which iron keys fail to do. Mesrak sent us to you; I have given you a purse heavy with gold. See, here is its equal if you lead me to the presence of the Lady Zuleikah."

The woman was silent for a moment and then said:

"What use will the gold serve me if my life be the forfeit?"

"None; but your life will not be the forfeit. I will double my offer to you."

"Come; I will take the risk. Ha! who is that?"

The woman sprung back in terror into the shadows of the building, as a form advanced suddenly from the shrubbery.

"Signor, it is Taras," and the coxswain came forward.

"Well, what is it?" asked the Cretan.

"The signal of recall is hoisted on board the yacht, signor."

"This is too bad—just on the eve of success! What can it mean?"

"Suppose you go and see—I will go with Eldrene, here, and effect the release of the fair Zuleikah."

"Good! Signor Malvern, I will at once go on board, and return for you to the same place

where my caïque now lies; by this we will save time."

A few whispered words between the two, and Captain Delos and Taras disappeared in the gloom, while Paul Malvern turned again to the covering negress.

"I am ready to follow you now," he said, in fair Turkish.

The woman hesitated, and, seeing it, the American held up before her a bag of gold.

"See, I have your reward."

The eyes of the negress glittered avariciously, while she said:

"You risk your life—I warn you."

"I fear not to die, woman; lead on."

The woman turned and, pushing aside the shrubbery, entered a narrow doorway in the wall, which led into a narrow hall, dimly lighted by an iron lamp swung from the ceiling.

With noiseless tread the two traversed the full length of the passage-way, and then the woman halted before a heavy curtain that concealed a door.

"Stand beneath the folds of this drapery, If any one comes do not move; I will return soon."

So saying Eldrene left Paul Malvern securely hidden, and entered a door beneath the curtain.

A flood of light burst forth, but only for an instant, and then the young adventurer found his way.

"Answer a few questions, first—where is she who was once the favorite of Al Sirat's harem?"

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The woman was silent for a moment and then said:

"Can I have missed my bearings?" he muttered, and again he bent a searching glance around him.

"No, she was anchored about half a dozen cables' length off the seraglio, and yonder towers that dark pile—by Heaven! she has gone."

Again he strained his eyes in every direction, and his face became cold with dread, his hands almost nerveless, for he felt that the yacht had certainly gone; he was upon the Bosphorus in an open boat—his only companion a beautiful girl whom he had boldly rescued from a harem's walls.

Here and there upon the starlit waters were his pursuers; however, he knew of none; what to do he could not tell; to be captured was certain death to both.

The thought was terrible, yet true, and in almost despair the brave man bent his head, hardly daring to speak or to look upon the fair girl whom he had brought forth from a life of glided misery to face a horrible death.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FUGITIVES.

ALTHOUGH at first almost overwhelmed with the perilous situation he found himself in, Paul Malvern soon rallied, and his intrepid nature once more arose to meet any crisis that might come.

Had he been alone upon the Bosphorus, he would have enjoyed the danger; but with a young girl relying upon him for protection, and deserted by the yacht, with no place of refuge, he felt indeed the fearful responsibility falling upon him.

"Were we not to have met my cousin here? Did you not say that his yacht was anchored off the seraglio?" asked the musical tones of Zuleikah.

"Yes, fair lady, but some sudden danger has caused your cousin to put to sea, I fear, for I can nowhere discover his vessel; but do not despair; I will do all in my power to save you from recapture, and in time all will come well. I hope you do not believe me guilty of having deceived you," and Paul spoke with great earnestness.

"No, oh! no; you would not do that—I believe, as you say, that some danger has caused my cousin to fly; he will return; but where shall we go? See, those boats are coming closer."

That was the question which Paul was striving in vain to answer: where should they go?

Suddenly a thought flashed upon him—he would go to an inn where, in better days, he had passed much of his time.

When poverty overtook him, he had not gone back to the inn, so that the worthy host did not know him as other than a guest with means.

Instantly determining upon his course, he seized the oars once more, and again the light eagle was flying over the waters; and not an instant too soon, for in moments of apathy two pursuing barges had approached quite near to him.

Finding that he would be pursued, Paul determined to land, and fly through the streets of the town, and thus elude his followers.

A few strong strokes brought him to a stone stairway descending into the water, and here he quickly sprung ashore, at the same time alighting Zuleikah to a footing on the steps.

"Come, lady, we must hasten," and drawing her hand within his arm, he strode rapidly away, turning the nearest corner, to come full upon a patrol of guards, who had evidently been watching his approach from the river.

"Inshallah! who are you?" exclaimed one of the guards, evidently an officer.

Paul threw himself upon the offensive, and with his drawn scimitar, commanded, sternly:

"Stand aside! I pass here. He who attempts to bar my way does so at his peril!"

The Turks shrank back momentarily, for the tall form, bared scimitar, flashing eyes and brave manner of the American awed them; but the next instant the party in pursuit, five black slaves, dashed up, and Paul found himself between two foes, immeasurably his superior in numbers.

Yet still he stood at bay, determined not to yield without a struggle, and his gleaming scimitar was held on guard.

"He has robbed the harem of his lordship, Al Sirat Pasha, of one of his most beautiful ladies; he must restore her, and suffer death for his temerity," said the kaid of the slaves, in an angry tone, yet at the same time keeping a respectful distance from the sweep of Paul's scimitar.

"If you have done this, signor, your death is assured. Return the maiden to the kaid, and I will claim you as a prisoner," said the officer of the guard.

"The ring! try the ring," whispered Zuleikah, earnestly, into the ear of Paul, as she clung to him.

"The ring? What ring?" answered Paul, at a loss to understand the words of the maiden.

"The ring on your left little finger. It is a signet; try its virtue," and Zuleikah placed her hand upon a small seal ring that glittered in the light of the lamp upon the hand of her master.

Yet Paul seemed still at a loss to comprehend her, until Zuleikah repeated, more earnestly than before:

"Try the ring. Demand to go unmolested by virtue of the signet ring you wear."

Feeling that there was some good reason for the maiden's words, although at a loss to understand why, Paul seized upon the hand, and holding forth his hand said, sternly:

"Respect this signet, and allow me to pass with her whom I protect."

Holding out his hand as he spoke, he turned the ring so that the lantern's light fell full upon it.

The officer of the guard stepped forward, glanced upon the ring, and then bent low in obeisance, while he responded in most humble tones:

"I respect the signet, your Highness; pass on! God is great."

With amazement he could scarcely conceal, Paul Malvern lowered his scimitar, saluted the officer, and drawing the arm of Zuleikah closer in his own, walked rapidly away, leaving the guard and the group of slaves in respectful attitude, watching his departure.

A walk of half an hour through the deserted streets of Constantinople brought him to a spacious building, which he seemed to know well.

Knocking at a small doorway, Paul drew Zuleikah into the shadow, and awaited a response to his summons at the portal.

It soon came in the person of a Turk, who inquired what was wanted.

"You remember me, Abdallah? I seek chambers for myself and a lady who is with me. See that no one knows of my coming here," said Paul, stepping forward where the light of the hall lamp fell upon him.

"The signor American! It shall be as you direct. Come in, and the host threw open the door, and the fugitives passed within, to find themselves, a few moments after, in most comfortable rooms.

"Here, lady, you can rest, and to-morrow I will endeavor to find some means of escape from this hated city; for I cannot believe that Captain Delos has gone off without leaving some word for me. Should you need me, I am within the adjoining room," and Paul bowed low to the maiden, who had thrown herself, as though fatigued, upon a pile of silken cushions.

"Signor, I beg that you will not expose yourself to danger. Be careful, even though you wear the sultan's private signet upon your hand."

"The sultan's private signet?" said Paul, with surprise, looking attentively at the ring upon his finger.

"Yes; are you in ignorance of it? Nay, you must be, for to night you seemed not to know its virtue," and Zuleikah gazed earnestly into the handsome, puzzled face of the American, who replied:

"Lady, this ring is all I held of value in the wide world, last night. I had even forgotten its possession, until changing my clothes for this uniform, the past day; I found it stowed away in an obscure pocket of my vest; how I became possessed of it is a long and mayhap interesting story, which, if time hangs heavy on one's hands to-morrow, I will explain. Now I will let you retire to rest, for sadly you need me; but to you ready wit I owe it that we were extricated from our peril to-night, for frankly I confess I knew not that the ring had any power."

"It has wonderful power. There are but three of those signs in existence, and every officer of the sultan knows their virtue and is compelled to respect it. One of those rings the sultan wears, the second was given to Al Sirat Pasha, and his harem favorite wears it; and there I saw it and learned its power. The third you have on your finger. With it in your possession you wield immense influence here in this land of the Turk."

Paul made no reply, but dazed, almost, by what he had heard, and believing, after his experience of the past twenty-four hours, that he was living in a land of magic and mystery, as it were, he bowed low to his beautiful companion and retired to his own chamber, where for hours he turned about on his soft couch, his brain and heart on fire with the whirlwind of thoughts that crowded upon him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COUNCIL OF PLOTTERS.

WITH a feeling of unrest Paul Malvern was already astir, and sauntered forth to have a glance over the Bosphorus to see if the sails of the day greeted his eyes.

Obtaining a position where he had a full view of the Bosphorus he looked long and searching around for the Silver Scimitar, as Julian Delos had named his vessel; but nowhere was she visible.

Other craft in numbers were dotting the sun-dotted waters of the Golden Horn and Bosphorus, but nowhere could the slender masts and trim hull of the yacht be discerned.

"Mashallah! does the signor seek the flag of his nation at the peak of some vessel on the bosom of the Bosphorus?"

Paul turned quickly upon the speaker, and beheld a man whose dark hair and eyes, classical features and general bearing denoted him as a Greek of the higher order.

"I seek a vessel that but yesterday lay off this point. She is not at her anchorage to-day," he replied, quietly, and with a show of no particular interest.

"A vessel carrying the ensign of Great Britain—a trim-looking cruiser?"

"Doubtless; she seemed like an armed vessel."

The Greek looked fixedly into the face of Paul and then said, in an interrogatory manner:

"You are neither Turk, Armenian or Jew?"

"Neither."

"And yet not a Greek?"

"No; I am an American."

"Still you wear the uniform of an officer on board the cruiser that was anchored off here yesterday?"

Paul made no reply; he knew not how far to trust the Greek, who, after a moment's silence, continued:

"Signor, are you he whom men call Paul Malvern?"

Paul started. Had his steps been dogged? After all was he to lose his life, and, worse still, be instrumental, innocently it might be, in bringing death upon the beauteous Zuleikah?

He glanced quickly around him; none other were in sight of them, and, laying his hand upon his scimitar, he said, quietly:

"Yes; I am Paul Malvern; what would you, Signor Greek?"

"You left the vessel last night in company with Captain Delos?"

"How know you this, signor?"

"It matters not; answer my question."

"Yes, I left the yacht last night."

"And rescued from the kiosk of Al Sirat Pasha a Cretan maiden—"

"Proceed, signor; I am all attention," quietly responded Paul, still grasping the hilt of his scimitar.

"Signor Malvern, take your hand from your weapon; I seek you, not for harm, but for your welfare. I was seeking to learn something of you, when I saw you approach this spot and gaze out upon the Bosphorus. We have never met before, yet we are brothers in arms. I am a Greek, and I bear your a message from the Signor Delos."

Paul would not commit himself, for the mysterious disappearance of Captain Delos and his being in a land of strange adventures and stranger people, made him cautious, and he replied, quietly:

"Granted that I am Paul Malvern, what message do you bring me from the Signor Delos?"

The Greek gazed searchingly into his face a moment, and then said:

"You left the yacht last night, accompanied by the Signor Delos and four men; you sought the kiosk of Al Sirat Pasha, and a signal of recall was displayed from the masthead of the Silver Scimitar, the captain returned on board, leaving you to carry out his plans. Am I right, signor?"

"Proceed."

"The signal on board the yacht I caused to be displayed, for I went to tell Captain Delos to get under way at once, as a cruiser was going to anchor alongside of him, his vessel being suspected."

"The Signor Delos had just returned on board when we noticed a cruiser coming down from the Gulf of Izmir, and the cables were slipped, sail set, and the Silver Scimitar, once headed for the Sea of Marmora, leaving me in my caque to go and look after you; but a guard-boat was watching me, and I was forced to land in Istanbul, but I have been constantly on the watch since to find you, for I learned that you escaped last night with one of the pasha's beauties. Signor, am I to be trusted now?"

"What message sent Signor Delos to me?"

"That he would await your coming in one

of the inlets on the southern shores of the Island of Lemnos—"

"How am I to reach him?"

"That I will manage. A small coasting vessel shall be chartered to-day, and upon it you shall go, accompanied by two-score Franks, Greeks, Americans, and a few renegade Turks, whom we have enlisted in the Cretan service. Return to your hostelry, for I know that you have found shelter somewhere; change your uniform for the dress of a Greek, and come to my house—it is in the Jews' quarter; ask for the house of Dimitri, the Greek merchant; there you will meet others friendly to our cause, and we will decide upon how and when you must leave this nest of infidels."

Paul Malvern no longer doubted his new friend, and frankly held forth his hand, which the other grasped warmly.

"I will at once purchase the required costume, and join you before very long; until then adieu," and so saying, Paul walked briskly away, happy at having solved the mystery of the yacht's departure, and that he could cheer the heart of Zuleikah.

Entering a shop, he soon made the required purchases, with gold left with him by Captain Delos, and then walked rapidly back to his hostelry, where he quickly changed his clothing, and having partaken of breakfast, sought an audience with Zuleikah.

The maiden received him with a heightened color and gracious manner, and seemed even more beautiful by daylight than by lamp-light, for the beauty of her complexion was displayed to better advantage.

"Lady, I bear good news. Your cousin awaits us at an island in the Archipelago, and perhaps to-night we start to join him. I go now to meet a Greek, one of his intimate friends."

Zuleikah received the intelligence with joy, and said softly:

"Signor, I have full trust in you, and yet I long to be away from this hated land."

Paul made some gallant remark, bade the maiden have hope, and then wended his way toward the Jews' quarter of Constantinople, where, without difficulty, he found the shop of the Greek merchant.

Upon inquiry he found that the Signor Dimitri awaited him, and he was ushered into a chamber where sat a score of men drinking sherbet, and smoking their fragrant chicha.

The room was dense with perfumed tobacco smoke, yet Paul could discern at a glance that the Greek predominated among those present, while there were Jews, Franks, Americans, and one or two heavily-bearded dark-faced Turks.

"The good woman looked the stout tramp over, and said, "I am the good old soul As you will care to meet; She lives in a house of glazing brick Around in other street. This house is charitable And she never turned a beggar off Without a cup of tea, And cookies few or many, And a little bit of good advice Made acceptable with a penny."

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about to strike back, Mr. Bludsoe would jump and then grin, as much as to say, "You didn't do it that time!"

The crowd soon began to tire of this exhibition, laughable as it was, and presently one of the throng began to yell for eggs, in order to infuse a little courage into the bullwhacker.

Irritated by the sarcastic comments of the bystanders, and beginning to feel a little tired by his exertion—his surplus flesh was telling on him now—Bludsoe resolved to try the effect of a desperate rush, hoping by his weight to force Montana down.

He gathered himself together working his big arms up and down like the piston of a steam-engine, and then, concentrating all his energies, he made a ferocious attack upon the mimer.

Warned by the gleam in the eyes of his opponent, as well as by the expression upon his face, Montana was fully prepared for the onset.

Lightly and nimbly as a dancing-master—and as graceful, too, as any Parisian professor of the toe and heel art—Montana evaded the mad rush by ducking under the right arm of the giant, and then, as the other endeavored in his clumsy way to turn and catch his nimble antagonist, Montana gave him a powerful poke under the arm on the ribs, and again the bullwhacker was forced over and tumbled to the ground. Falling "all in a heap" he managed to bring his nose in violent contact with the earth, thereby damaging that prominent organ considerably.

"Fifteen thousand dollars to a cent on Montana!" exclaimed General Baltimore Bowie, in wild enthusiasm.

No one offered to take the bet; the sympathy of the crowd was entirely with the mimer, and then, too, the general's credit was not as good as it might have been. No sane man in the town would have lent him five dollars on his own security.

"Say! this hyer ain't a fair shake!" exclaimed the Pet of the Niobrara, setting up on his beam-end and ruefully rubbing his damaged nose. "It's ag'in all the rules to dig a fellow in the ribs and scratch his horn at the same time."

Montana stood with folded arms, apparently quite satisfied to let the matter rest where it was, but Mr. Bludsoe, being a strange compound of bully and fool, had not yet got enough, although the fact was patent to the crowd that he was no match for the mimer, notwithstanding his size, and that Montana had been playing with him, so far, as a cat plays with a mouse.

"Oh, I ain't ready to quit it!" growled the bullwhacker, rising slowly to his feet. "I reckon that when I fight, I fight, and I don't hop round like a jumping-jack. Stand up like a man an' lemme knock you down!"

The crowd roared at this novel challenge and even Montana smiled.

The usual good humor of the bullwhacker had vanished and he was beginning to wish that he had the power to tear Montana limb from limb.

"Not satisfied, eh?" the mimer asked, a dangerous light shining in his dark eyes as he unfolded his arms and again assumed a defensive position.

"Satisfied, blazes!" and the bullwhacker made a ferocious blow at Montana, which would materially have damaged that gentleman if it had struck him, but it did not, for, with the skill of the practiced boxer, the mimer easily parried it with his left arm and at the right hand, he smacked Mr. Bludsoe's face with a vim that fairly brought the tears to the big, goggles eyes of the mule-driver.

With a howl of rage Bludsoe rushed after his antagonist, showering blow after blow at him, but not one reached the mark, for Montana's steel-like arms easily threw them aside as the iron prow of the ocean steamer parts the breaking, white-topped billow; and then, as the bullwhacker paused, exhausted, puffing and blowing like a porpoise from his violent exertions, the mimer, with a quickness which was really wonderful, smacked the giant once, twice and thrice in the face with the open palms of his hands, each hearty slap resounding like a pistol-shot.

Roused to new exertions by this outrage, and with a growl like a wild beast, the now infuriated giant rushed at Montana like a madman.

Not an inch now did the mimer yield, but he stood his ground as firmly as though he were a solid rock imbedded in the earth's center; and as the bullwhacker rushed upon him he dealt him a terrible blow in the throat just under the chin—as awful a stroke as any eye in that crowd had ever witnessed.

Bent went the giant's head and up went his arms; his fierce, onward rush checked, he trembled for a moment like a monstrous oak of the forest torn suddenly from its hold in the firm earth, and then Montana, pushing his advantage and seemingly resolved to end the contest without delay, closed in upon the half-stunned bully, and with a strength that few would have believed to have dwelt within his sinewy form, by some peculiar grip, raised the mule-driver from his feet and cast him clean over his head. Down with a thump, that seemed fairly to shake the earth, came the giant, all the fight knocked clean out of him by the violent concussion.

And Montana, pale and erect, and breathing just a trifle harder from his exertion, seemed to have grown a trifle taller as he stood in the moonlit street, every inch a man.

"Time!" exclaimed the general. "Deadwood City to a decayed orange on Montana!"

And well might the enthusiastic Bowie offer such odds, for the mule-driver had fainted. The shock had stunned him.

"The man's dead!" cried one of the bystanders, jumping a little too quickly to a conclusion.

"Oh, no, he ain't!" cried another; "git a bucket of water!"

"Whisky's better; he's more used to it," suggested a third.

But, the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian recovered without the use of either of these two articles.

He gave a snort, opened his eyes and surveyed the crowd, gathered in anxious curiosity about him.

"The circus is over, gents, an' I hope that you've all got your money's worth; but if you ain't satisfied I am!" he said, and then rose clumsily to his feet. "Pard, I axes yer pardon. I pass! Next time I undertake to fool round an airquake I'll twist the tail of my lead mule!" And then he stalked off.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

At the hour of nine the deacon generally closed his store Saturday night alone excepted; then, that being the general trading night of the week, he kept open till about eleven.

Tim had duly swung to and fastened the heavy window shutters, put the bar upon the door and made all secure for the night. Then

he retired to his bunk, leaving Mr. Black busy at his desk, settling up the business of the day.

Tim bunked in a small room at the back of the store, which was partitioned off into two apartments, one of which the deacon occupied. A small entry, which led into the back-yard of the store, separated the two rooms.

We say back-yard, but "no pent up Utica" contracted that domain, for, unobstructed by fence or confine, the "back-yard" extended clear to the distant foothills, the skirmish-line, as it were, of the grim mountain peaks beyond.

Tim entered his scantily-furnished apartment, and so sparsely-furnished was it indeed. A couple of dry-goods boxes upon which a buffalo-robe and some coarse gray army blankets were spread served for a bed. Another box did service for a table, and the inside for a wardrobe, while a couple of shoe-boxes, stood upon the shelf, supplied the place of chairs.

Tim closed the door behind him, and carefully locked and bolted it, then he proceeded to feel in the dark for the candle and matches which he had left upon the table.

Tim was a prudent young man, and all his worldly wealth was deposited in the little room. Therefore, during the day he kept the door carefully locked. There was no way of getting into the room except through the door—the only window being a small one, high up in the wall, looking into the front store.

In the daytime this afforded sufficient light, and even at night, when the store was fully illuminated, enough of the artificial glare came through the window to dimly light the room; but as the lights in the store had all been extinguished before Tim entered the room—a single one standing upon the desk of the deacon alone excepted—the apartment was in total darkness.

Tim found the matches and the candle, and endeavored to procure a light. The first match ignited, sputtered, but went out.

"Dum the match!" exclaimed Tim, groping in the dark for another; and then to the ears of the boy, naturally keen of hearing, came the sound of suppressed breathing, just as if some one were hidden within the room, and was endeavoring to conceal the fact.

The hair of the boy fairly rose on end. The first thought of the terror-stricken youth was endeavor to escape at once, and so he glided, as noiselessly as possible, to the door; but as he outstretched his hands toward the lock, the cold muzzle of a pistol was abruptly pressed against his forehead, and a hoarse voice—a voice only too well remembered—said, in a low, menacing whisper:

"Stop a bit, young man; don't be in such a hurry; I want to talk to you for a while."

It was the voice of Silver Sam, the masked road-agent of the upper gully.

Tim's knees trembled beneath him; but as he was he was, still more he would have been, to have encountered a stranger ruffian.

Familiarity breeds contempt they say, and in this case the old adage certainly leaned toward the truth, for Tim would surely have fainted with fear but that he recognized the voice of the stranger.

"Is that you, Mr. Sam?" he murmured.

"That's my handle, sonny," the road-agent replied; "and now, little man, just go ahead and speak a few words, deacon, in regard to Juliet Oaks."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

deacon and don't want to be disturbed, I shall take the liberty of locking you up in this hyer room. In the morning you kin raise an alarm, and then you'll be let out, 'cos it's easy to git a key to fit the door; it didn't bother me much to get in. Another p'int! Jest keep your mouth shut about me; don't let on to a living soul that you have ever seed me; it will be money in your pocket, for I'll fix it so that we kin make a big raise together, one of these days, without any risk. Jest say in the morning, when they come to let you out, that you forgot and left the key on the outside of the door, and that you had no idea that you were locked in till you tried to git out."

"Oh, I'll do it!" Tim replied, his naturally cunning mind quickly perceiving how plausible the tale would be.

"All right; now we understand each other. Put out your light and tumble into your bunk as soon as you kin."

And with this parting caution the road-agent withdrew, taking the key of the door with him.

Noiselessly he closed the door, and noiselessly he turned the key in the lock, thus making Tim a prisoner.

The narrow passage led directly into the store, and the glimmer of light, burning on the desk, in front of which the deacon sat, making up his accounts, shone into the little entry.

With stealthy tread, noiselessly as the creeping panther stealing in with all the caution of the feline tribe upon its prey, the road-agent advanced within the store.

The deacon, pen in hand, totally unsuspecting of mischief, was poring over his book.

The first intimation he had of danger was feeling a heavy hand press upon his shoulder, and the cold muzzle of a pistol placed against his temple, as a low voice said:

"A few words, deacon, in regard to Juliet Oaks."

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

ABOARD the splendid clipper ship, Shooting Star, two weeks out from the port of Sydney, Australia, and homeward bound to New York, stood Mary Wolfred, passenger, a beautiful young girl of eighteen, a prey to the most intense grief, as, only two days before, her father, after a brief illness, had died in his state-room.

Not more than twenty-four hours had passed since his cold form was consigned to a watery grave, and now his child, gazing mournfully over the broad ocean, almost wished that she, too, was down in the dark depths.

A boat was lowered and the castaway was soon picked up and taken to the ship.

He was a noble-looking young man of twenty-five, who stated that he was an American—Southern planter.

He was nearly exhausted, but a little wine and some refreshments restored all the strength natural to his fine, vigorous frame.

His story was soon told.

He had sailed from New Zealand aboard a brig, for his native city, Charleston, South Carolina.

The brig had founded in the late squall, and he had reason to think that all aboard except himself had perished. He had succeeded in getting hold of the spar from which he had been picked up.

As Mary encountered the large, dark, admiring orbs of the stranger, while he was speaking, she experienced for him a feeling of deep sympathy, while her heart fluttered with the greedily natural to a woman of eighteen.

In fact these two young people seemed drawn toward each other from the first by that subtle link of congeniality which is hard to define.

Weeks passed, during which they were much in each other's company.

At last, one clear night, after the Shooting Star had passed round Cape Horn, Charles Gray—such was the name of the castaway—sought Mary's side, told her that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

For answer the girl laid her little hand in his, and that was sufficient.

Had the two not been on deck the passionate Southerner would have showered kisses upon the blooming cheeks and upon that matchless white neck so tempting near him.

At fortnight later the ship touched at Buenos Ayres, where she was to remain a week.

Gray had all a lover's impatience to possess the sweet, sympathetic voice fell soothingly on Mary's ear.

She paused, and turned just in time to catch a glimpse of the thick black wall and the rustling silk, as the lady passed into her own state-room.

This person and her servant, besides Mary, Herman Wake and an old missionary, were the only passengers aboard the Shooting Star.

She was very quiet and reserved—perhaps a little mysterious—as none of the occupants of the vessel had seen her once, since she came aboard, otherwise than with her wall down. It was an impenetrable veil, so that her fellow-passengers could form no conjecture as to the sort of face it concealed. She seldom appeared on deck, and never at the cabin table; her meals were brought to her in her own room by her servant, a dwarfish little deaf and dumb girl of fourteen.

Saw that she went by the name of Mrs. Marchmont, nothing was known about her either by the captain or any other soul aboard—the deaf and dumb girl probably excepted.

As she always wore black, it was thought that she was a widow.

She had taken passage at Sydney, and when engaged her passage she was, as usual, closely veiled.

"I wonder what she is?" Herman Wake had said to the captain on the day of Wolfred's death.

"Don't know, sir; but whatever she is, she makes but little trouble, which, you see, isn't common with the women folks. Ha! ha!"

"I don't remember ever seeing her in Sydney," said Wake, "although I was there only six months. I would have stayed there longer but for my falling in with Wolfred and his daughter, who were going to take passage for the United States. Wolfred persuaded me to go along with him, little thinking, poor fellow, that on the very day out of port he would be taken down with an illness that would carry him off."

A few weeks passed.

Herman, whenever opportunity offered, was at Mary's side.

She did her best to receive his attentions pleasantly, and at length, when he "proposed" to her, she bowed her head meekly enough, and gave him her hand.

Her heart was cold to him, her face was like white marble; but she would be true to her promise, although, in this case, it involved almost a "living death," for not only did she not love the man, but his presence was strangely repugnant to her.

"Oh, you're a smart boy—you are!" the road-agent exclaimed, in contempt.

"But, mister, I was so frightened!" pleaded Tim, piteously.

"Is the deacon alone?" asked the disguised man, abruptly.

"Yes, I reckon so."

"The shanty is all closed and locked in front?"

"Ye—ye—yes."

Tim was at a loss to guess the meaning of these questions, except that they portended mischief.

"Well, I'll let you off this time, seein' that you did get me the letter, although you was idiot enough to put it into the wrong tree; but as I am goin' to have a leetle talk with the

deacon and don't want to be disturbed, I shall take the liberty of locking you up in this hyer room. In the morning you kin raise an alarm, and then you'll be let out, 'cos it's easy to git a key to fit the door; it didn't bother me much to get in. Another p'int! Jest keep your mouth shut about me; don't let on to a living soul that you have ever seed me; it will be money in your pocket, for I'll fix it so that we kin make a big raise together, one of these days, without any risk. Jest say in the morning, when they come to let you out, that you forgot and left the key on the outside of the door, and that you had no idea that you were locked in till you tried to git out."

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"A few words, deacon,



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Sunshine Papers.

Courtship in a Boarding-House.

You would imagine that if there was any one place which little Cupid would forswear entirely, it would be a boarding-house. How can his shy, dainty little godship endure to place himself at the mercy of strange and uncoquettish minds, and submit himself to the curious glances of unfriendly eyes and subject his pretty tricks to the criticisms of unholly and sarcastic lips? But he is such an impressionable small creature; so ardent, and so impatient of thwarting circumstances; that when he describes a victim worthy of being a target for arts, and darts, and hearts, he just draws his bow, and lets fly its arrows, even when the area of his practice must be comprised within the walls of a boarding-house. And it is sad for the lovers; but fun for the rest of the boarding-house community!

First Miss Flyaway is shy. She does not allow Mr. Elderly to come to see her very often. She invites other gentlemen to call on her, and goes out with others, and vows that Mr. E. is "an old friend of mine." She meets all inuendous with sublime feelings of comprehension, and wicked little fibs. She makes artfully awful remarks concerning the Elderly; and describes her ideal of a lover—so exactly everything that the gentleman in question is not that no one is deceived. But, by and by, it is

noticed how madly she skips down-stairs when Mr. E. is announced, and how careful she is to push shut the parlor door. And Mrs. Quibble is sure she heard a man's voice say "darling," and old Miss Indiscreet, who is never deaf at correct times, asserts confidently that she heard a kiss; and little Miss Helpless, who wishes she had a lover, says, spitefully, that if Mr. Elderly is not going to marry Miss Flyaway, he "ought to," for he always hugs her when he goes away! (She does not add that she gained the knowledge by peeping down the stairs.) And, last of all, Miss Flyaway wears a big diamond.

Then how she does have to run the gauntlet! Whew! Mrs. Quibble says, "I'm sure we all congratulate you, my dear Miss Flyaway; but, you see, we really could not believe that you intended taking up with so old a man." Of course, however, he is entirely estimable. "Old" says Miss Helpless, serenely. "Why, for Miss Flyaway, I think he is a most suitable age!" "My dear Miss Helpless," retorts Miss Indiscreet, charitably, "a man's age is of little consequence when he has handsome diamonds at command." "Are you any judge of diamonds, Miss Indiscreet?" asks Mr. Shadowy, sententiously. "At least that one of yours could be improved by a different setting, Miss Flyaway," comfortingly remarks Mrs. Putonians. But the parlor is ceded to Miss Flyaway once a week. What comfort she must find in those few hours with a charitable person—to

ther's body to the physicians." I thought of another soul being lost, another wreck upon life's ocean, another being going to the bad.

Going to the bad! Why will people go in that direction when there are so many guideboards and mile-stones telling of a different route, and a route that leads to a safer and better haven at the end of the journey?

Going to the bad! It has grown to be a very common occurrence for a clerk of a bank or of a mercantile house, to use the money of his employers for private speculation, in order to secure sudden wealth instead of being content with a competence—a desire for a fast and a false life instead of a sure and safe one. When found guilty, their excuse is they meant to pay back the money taken. In the sight of God would this crime be any less on *that* account? Their speculations fail, as they should do, and they never seem to be able to return what they borrowed—taken would be a truer though a harsher word. How can one expect to prosper ill-gotten gains? They plead that their temptations are too strong to be resisted. Do they ever think that they themselves are too weak? Do they ever pray to be strong enough to resist temptation and to keep them from going to the bad?

Going to the bad! What a procession to view if we could see all those in line who are wandering over that dark and devious road! Would not tears be shed and hearts be broken at so sad a sight?

We do not feel like taking some from that motley throng and putting them on the right road? Think then, of this sad procession; and also think if you do not know of some one who is marching in it—some one whose life might be changed by your influence, guided by your words, saved by your care, whose life you may be held accountable for, because you were careless on which road he traveled, thoughtless as to the direction in which he wandered.

Our conscience tells us what is right to do, and we will have to answer fearfully hereafter if they have not striven to help some poor being and saved him from going to the bad.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Blue Glass.

THE late discoveries of General Pleasanton in regard to the healing qualities in blue glass rays has somewhat set the world on its ears—which are of good growth—and created quite a modern sensation; and the demand for blue glass and sunny days have far exceeded the supply on hand.

I beg leave to inform the world and the surrounding country, that it does not shock my modesty to state that I was the original discoverer of the great properties of blue glass as far back as the date of some of my earliest notes, when an incipient youth of twenty-eight summers I basked in the cheering rays from the blue glass eye of the romantic Matai Ann.

My soul was sick with hopes deferred, and weighed down with the heavy absence of money. But, oh, when the beams from that blue glass eye fell upon my wasting cheek, or rested upon my new red necktie, those gnawing cares and devastating despondencies faded away like a man on the street who owes you a bill; they vanished like socks and handkerchiefs from a returned week's washing.

I noticed very plainly that whenever those beams shone on me it brought the reviving blood to my pale cheek, and I blushed; so I used to sit out on the wood-shed overlooking her domincil, and reason if blue glass had such effect in one way, why could it not be utilized in other ways? So I began trying experiments.

I had a watch that lost more time than I did every day, and was affected with general derangement of the system. It was a plain case of almost giddiness. I used to stop so much at the watchmaker's to borrow time, sometimes as much as four or five hours a day, the watchmaker said that he had loaned me so much time that he was nearly out himself, and that he hadn't any more to spare; would like to accommodate me, but, etc. I then got a blue glass crystal put in the watch and set it in the sun. Smiles began to spread over its face, the hands began to clap for joy, its whole constitution seemed to revive. I left it out on the fence all day, and it went so well that when I went out after it in the evening it was gone, and I don't know where it how it went.

I was prematurely bald-headed, from the effects of general absence of hair, and in the crown of my straw hat, over a hole which Providence, in the shape of poverty, seemed to have placed there for the special purpose, I placed a piece of blue glass, and forced myself to have potatoes in the sun for fifteen minutes without getting in the shade, and found that I received not only a fine head of hair, but, etc. I then got a blue glass crystal put in the watch and set it in the sun. Smiles began to spread over its face, the hands began to clap for joy, its whole constitution seemed to revive. I left it out on the fence all day, and it went so well that when I went out after it in the evening it was gone, and I don't know where it how it went.

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THE SUMMER OF THE HEART.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Dear heart, we're young no longer;
Our youth has flown away;
Like flowers which made the meadows bright
In long, sweet hours of May.
And now, with winter's snowflakes
Your head is sprinkled o'er,
But love's long summer of the heart
Will last forevermore.

Dear heart, I see the furrows
Upon your brow to-day;
And to your blushing eyes, until
They hide your face away.
But they are happy tears, dear;
Though chill the days may be,
The heart I've leaned upon so long
Is warm with love for me.

Dear heart, you wood and won me
Long, happy years ago;
And had I in my power, I'd climb the hill;
Now sunset waits below.
And though our steps grow slow, dear,
And looks are turning gray,
The love we gave each other then
Is in its prime to-day.

Dear heart, I've walked beside you
In sunshine and in rain,
And to your true and tender love
I now turned in vain.
Like leaves we come to soft river
Ten years may drift away;
Love keeps us young forevermore
Although our hair grows gray.

America's Commodores.

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

BY CAPT. JAMES MCKENZIE.

IMMEDIATELY after the war of Independence American energy quickly developed a commercial marine that surprised the world. Our ships were so fine, our sailors and commanders so efficient and resolute, and our ship-owners so enterprising, that the "Yankees," like the old Venetians, were popular everywhere. They ran to China, Java and Ceylon—to the islands of the Seas—to South America and all the Pacific coast—to Africa—to the Mediterranean—to the Baltic and North Seas—to the West Indies and Mexico—always on the alert for a cargo, and so prompt, trusty and ready for competition as to give Great Britain no small anxiety for her supremacy on the high seas. Without a solitary vessel of war to "protect" our interests, our captains pushed out to distant seas with daring assurance, and our ports began rapidly to develop into great commercial marts. Salem, Newburyport, New Bedford struck for the whale oil trade, and our Nantucket men became renowned for their success in capturing the great Leviathan. Falmouth, Falmouth (Portland), Newport, New Haven, New London, in the New England States, all had their fleets of traders and carriers, while Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and Charleston were not only large traders but were centers of a shipping and receiving trade that brought our own marine in immediate contact with that of all maritime nations.

In such a school the men of our first navy were taught. With few exceptions our first commanders were admirable seamen, and, as seen in the cases of Dale and Preble, so of Bainbridge—the future commodore was a successful merchantman, knowing sea life and ship management literally "like a book." Ships were their pride; to be thorough seamen was their glory.

William Bainbridge was born in Princeton, New Jersey, May 7th, 1774—the fourth son of a reputable physician. His predilection for the sea betrayed itself early in life, and, at the age of fifteen, so pressing were his importunities that he was permitted to ship from Philadelphia. At eighteen he was first mate in the Dutch trade—a man of commanding person, resolute and of superior intelligence. It was a period of excitement, demanding all the best qualities of man and master. Europe was in the throes of the tremendous French Revolution. Great Britain was incessantly airing her insolence and her spite by annoying our commerce in every way and by forcibly taking her "subjects" from American ships—a right she never abjured until we whipped it out of her in the war of 1812-14, which was mainly on account of these impressions of American seamen into the detested British service.

Bainbridge ran with an armed vessel, for his own protection. Sailing for the West Indies in 1796, he was attacked by a British privateer, though no war then existed with Great Britain. Being armed with four long nines he cut the privateer in hull and rigging so severely as to compel her to strike, but could not of course take his prize; it would have been "illegal," and he dare not sink the impudent assailant, after she had lowered her flag, for that would have been piracy; so he went on his way—merely giving the cowed Englishman "a piece of his mind."

Another act, on this same voyage, illustrated his spirit. The British frigate *Indefatigable*, commanded by Sir Edward Pellew, brought Bainbridge to with her guns, and a boarding-officer seized a sailor named McKinsey, claiming him as a British subject, which he was not. Presenting him with arms, Bainbridge told McKinsey to shoot dead the first man who laid hands on him; whereupon the officer seized and bore off a *substitute*—as an evidence of British prowess and contempt for the Yankee skipper. Bainbridge simply said: "I'll board the first Englishman I catch, and will have man for man, for two can play at your game." The threat was treated with scorn—the very idea of a Yankee boarding a British vessel and impressing a British seaman was preposterous; but, within a week he did that very thing, and bore the impressed Britisher into Philadelphia. It was of course highly "illegal;" it was piracy on the high seas, but Bainbridge was ready to take the consequences, and he was never an novice.

He was called to government service when, in 1798, a navy was rendered necessary, and then took command of the *Retaliation*, 14 guns—a French privateer captured by Capt. Stephen Decatur. Cruising in her off Guadalupe, he was run down and captured by two French frigates, but was sent home, after a brief captivity at Basseterre, with his own crew and other prisoners, accompanied by a French agent, who was a secret diplomatic emissary seeking to arrange matters with this country.

Bainbridge now took the brig *Norfolk*, 18 guns, and in her performed excellent service in the West Indies, convoying American shipping home—one hundred and nineteen sail in one fleet, from St. Kitts. He recruited in those same waters in 1799, as part of the squadron of Capt. Christopher Perry—father of Oliver H.—but was soon sent by direct orders from the navy office to cruise with three ships off Havana. This duty he admirably discharged—returning to Philadelphia in April, 1800.

He was there promoted to a full captaincy and given the old Indianaman George Washington—then a 28-gun ship whose destination was

to carry tribute to the Dey of Algiers! He proceeded on the humiliating duty of bearing the tribute of a Christian Republic to a Moslem subject of the sultan, and reached Algiers in September. Running direct into the harbor to deliver the goods and numerous presents, he anchored under the guns of the forts, and soon had the mortification of having his ship virtually seized by the day to bear his own tribute as a vassal to the sultan. Rather than lose his ship and see his crew sent into slavery, he submitted to the order to run her to Constantinople, and so did, bearing a singular cargo of wild beasts, beautiful Arab women, negro slaves, silks and passengers to the Dardanelles. It was a very ridiculous but provoking affair, out of which Bainbridge came with credit for his nerve, discretion and masterly conduct in trying circumstances, for, on his return to Algiers, he anchored outside the mole, and virtually defied the incensed day, who had resolved to send the vessel again to Constantinople! He ended the affair by taking fifty-six French men, women and children, about to be consigned to slavery, and running them safely over to Alicant, and then returning home.

This impressionment of his vessel was regarded by the government rather as a good joke, and his conduct so approved that he was assigned to Preble's fine vessel, the *Essex*, then just in from its celebrated cruise in the East Indies. In her Bainbridge, with Stephen Decatur, the younger, for his first lieutenant, sailed as part of Commodore Dale's squadron proceeding to Tripoli to watch the bashaw and his piratical cruisers, who then were seizing American vessels, and exacting heavy ransom for the release of Americans held in slavery. We may add to what has been said of this cruise, in our notice of its commodore, Dale, that Captain Bainbridge had trouble with the Spanish authorities at Barcelona, and pressed the affair so spiritedly as to extract an order from the governor "to treat all officers of the United States with courtesy, and more particularly those attached to the United States frigate *Essex*." The Old World monarchies were slow in recognizing the rising power in the West, but were taught significant lessons by such men as Bainbridge.

The *Essex* returned home the next summer (1802), and Bainbridge was superintending the building of the *Siren*, of 16 guns, and the *Vixen*, of 14 guns, when ordered to the frigate *Philadelphia*, of 38 guns, one of the squadron of Commodore Preble, bound for the Mediterranean, to bring the *Bashaw* of Tripoli to terms of peace. This cruise, noticed in our sketch of Preble, had for Bainbridge a melancholy interest. After some active and decidedly efficient cruising in the Straits of Gibraltar, and off Cape Vincent, Bainbridge proceeded to Tripoli, where a blockade was to be enforced. Executing this duty the *Philadelphia* kept off and on the harbor, and in chase of a little Tripolitan cruiser, on the last day of October, the frigate struck a sunken reef, not correctly given on the charts, and resisted every effort to get afloat again. The enemy's gunboats, swarming out of the harbor, soon had the helpless vessel under their guns, and thus she fell an easy prey. The surrender was made to spare the useless slaughter of his men, and Bainbridge, his officers and crew all were made prisoners. The Turks, by easing the vessel of her armament and stores, succeeded in floating her, and the imprisoned Americans had the mortification of beholding their fine ship brought safely into the harbor, where she rode at anchor under the guns of the bashaw's castle, in which they were confined, until her destruction on the night of Feb. 10th, 1804, by the daring exploit of Lieutenant Stephen Decatur.

Bainbridge and his officers were held captives, but kindly treated, for nineteen months. After various vexatious negotiations, assisted by the unceasing kindness of the Danish consul—through whom Bainbridge had been in almost constant communication with Commodore Preble and his successor, Commodore Rodgers—on the 3d of June, 1805, the bashaw accepted terms of peace, and the American squadron received all the prisoners. A court of inquiry, with Gen. Eaton for judge advocate, was held in ancient Syracuse, over the loss of the *Philadelphia*, and the captain honorably acquitted from blame (June 29th, 1805). In the autumn of that year the officers and crew reached Philadelphia and were all heartily welcomed home.

Bainbridge now resolved to recruit his fortunes in the merchant service (the half-pay or off-duty salary of a captain in the navy being but \$600). He made several voyages to Havana in the years 1806-7-8, on leave of absence, but was ordered to the President, of 44 guns, in the spring of 1808. The President then was the finest ship in the navy. War was expected with Great Britain, but the immediate danger having been averted, in May, 1810, Bainbridge returned once more to the merchant service, sailing for the Baltic and St. Petersburg, but was captured by a Danish cruiser and borne into Copenhagen. His old friend, the Danish consul at Tripoli, M. Nissen, was then in Copenhagen, and soon effected the release of the vessel.

War really existing, by hostile acts, between Great Britain and the United States, before any formal declaration of hostilities, Bainbridge hastened home and urged the government into the formal declaration, which it made, June 18th, 1812; but it was not until in September that he finally got afloat, in the frigate *Constitution*, which had just returned from her successful cruise under the gallant Hull. To his command were also assigned the *Essex*, 32, Capt. Porter, and the *Hornet*, 18, Capt. Lawrence, with orders to cruise for the English East Indian trade in the South Atlantic. The *Essex*, however, was prevented from joining the other vessels, and the *Constitution* and *Hornet* sailed without her, reaching San Salvador in December.

He was an English vessel-of-war of the *Hornet's* size. This *Lawrence* was left to watch while Bainbridge sailed along the coast and struck two English ships (Dec. 26th)—one of which, a prize, kept on to San Salvador harbor, while the other, the frigate *Java*, 38, Capt. Lambert, put about and gave the Constitution battle.

This celebrated conflict, commencing at 2:10 p.m., lasted continuously until 5:25 p.m. Both vessels maneuvered incessantly for position; but, although the American ship's wheel was shot away early in the action, and Bainbridge was wounded in the thigh, at the same time, the Constitution was handled so superbly that when the *Java* struck her colors she was a mere wreck—not a mast standing, bowsprit gone, and upperworks all riddled, while the Constitution came out of it with every spar in place and royal yards across!

And the mortality list was equally remarkable. The *Java*, out of a crew of 400, lost 124 killed and wounded; the American frigate had 9 killed and 25 wounded, including the commander, who, however, did not leave her deck during the battle. Lambert was among the mortally wounded.

The Constitution, old and rotten, was found after this action to be unfit for sea; so returned to Boston, February 27th, 1813, when she was laid up, and Bainbridge was assigned to the new and magnificent 74 ship-of-the-line, the *Independence*, then building at the Charlestown navy yard. But, peace came before this noble craft was ready for service. Great Britain had been thoroughly beaten; and never before was our power so really broken, and, by abjuring the right of search she confessed her defeat. Had she awaited another year's operations her navy would, undoubtedly, have been terribly shattered.

In the *Independence* as his flag-ship Commodore Bainbridge ran to the Mediterranean in the spring of 1815, whether Decatur with a squadron already had gone to punish the Dey of Algiers, and so actively had he done his work that when Bainbridge arrived the Algiers war was closed. He stayed to arrange definitively with the Barbary powers, who, now forced into submission, and beholding the superb fleet under Bainbridge's command, yielded all points at issue, and then forwarded his crew to the Americans alone below the credit of suppressing the corsairs of the Mediterranean.

His fifth cruise in the Mediterranean—with the new ship *Columbus*, of 80 guns, was made in 1820, to show the European powers the then condition of the American navy. The squadron was one of the finest ever seen in Eastern waters.

This was the commodore's last cruise. The continued state of peace gave the navy nothing to do. He commanded successively in the navy yards of Charlestown, Washington and Philadelphia—was at the head of the Board of Navy Commissioners—then returned to Charlestown; but health utterly breaking down he returned to his family to die—of a wasting diarrhoea. His death occurred July 28th, 1833, in Philadelphia, where Dale had died, seven years before.

NELLY.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Oh, have you seen Nelly?
As fair as a lily,
With eyes like a pansy,
So pale, and so sweet,
Your whole heart is swelling,
Otis, was she slow smiling,
Triumphing thus softly,
Her conquest complete?
Avoid her, oh, stranger,
For she is in danger,
For every ranger
That travels this way,
Loves her, and aching,
Sad heart, that is breaking,
That Nelly has tossed
As a pastime, at play.
Distrust her completely,
Though smiling so sweetly,
With blushes full fleetly,
Her face flushing o'er;
Oh, Nelly is fair,
Her face is deathless,
You need not heed my warning,
Her beauty before.

The Girl Rivals:

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE
BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

STRAYING INTO THE SNARE.

I AM tired, tired, tired of everything!" exclaimed Honoria, on the following morning, as she sauntered idly out of the breakfast-room and met her companion in the hall; who had finished her breakfast some time before and now stood looking up at the lovely face of a statue of Psyche who held a flaming torch at the foot of the grand staircase.

Mildred started, when she was addressed, like some guilty creature. She was pale, for contending fears and desires had deprived her of sleep, and looked sad; but she said, very gently:

"What can I do to rest you, Miss Appleton?"

"Come in the music-room here. It is cool, and the air wafted up from the flower-beds is delicious. Aunt Esther wants me to go shopping with her—but I will not desecrate such a June morning as this by spending it in shops—not I! Yet I am just as tired of this weariness as it were not summer, and there were no roses peeping over that sill, there. It is you, I see, Mildred, who am so tired. I can't get away from myself!" and, with a tragic sigh, the young beauty threw herself down, in the most indolently graceful of attitudes, into the arms of a *faulfe* whose pale-gold satin cushions set off her dusky hair and brooding, languorous, dusky eyes and peachy-pale olive complexion to the best advantage.

The poor companion looked at her beautiful mistress with a strange, wistful expression:

"It is so singular," she said, "to hear you call this a wearisome world! I thought it was only the poor who found it so."

Honoria smiled bitterly, as if she knew better than that.

"I will read you something out of this," Miss Appleton," said the companion, picking up a small volume of blue-and-gold which had strayed into the music-room. The book opened in her hand of itself to a page bearing two verses.

The girls made a fair picture in the cool, shadowed room, the breath of roses blowing in through summer curtains, and the rare old picture of St. Cecilia looking down on them from over the grand piano. It would be hard to say which was the prettiest of the two—the stylish mistress, in her soft, fine morning-dress of India muslin, her dark hair falling in *negligé* over her shoulders, and no jewels but rosebuds at brow and breast, caprice, languor, dissatisfaction, and a half-scorful interest in the words of the poem, revealed in her face; or the delicate, flower-like young companion, sitting near the window, a stray beam of sunlight glinting on her golden hair which shadowed her neck and cheek as she bent her pure, pensive face over the little volume, while her voice, soft, low and pathetic, trembled through the music of the verses. These were Tennyson's little poem:

THE BEGGAR-MAID.

Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say;
Barefooted came the beggar-maid
Before the King Cophetua.
In poor array she came, and stepped down,
To meet and greet her on the way;

"It is no wonder," said the lords,

"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been;
Cophetua swore a royal oath,
"This beggar-maid shall be my queen!"

"Such things never happen in real life," remarked the reader, dropping the book listlessly in her lap.

Something in her voice attracted Honoria's attention, who looked curiously into the melancholy, drooping face, and then said, with a light laugh:

"Sometimes. I have heard of similar cases!"

"Perhaps this brought before her the image of her reckless cousin who had married a beggar-maid, off-hand. She sighed, after her little burst of laughter, and fell into deep thought. After a few minutes she looked up, saying:

"I wish I were poor, Milla."

"Oh, don't say that! You were never poor, of course, or you would not wish it. If I were placed where you are I should be the very happiest creature alive!" and Milla clasped her hands while the burning color rushed into her pale cheeks.

"And I am the most miserable!" cried Honoria, suddenly, and large tears began to roll down her face.

"I don't know why I should tell this to you, Milla—only that my heart is breaking and I must speak to some one. Yes, I am really very wretched. And what do you think makes me so? Oddly enough, it is this very money that you wish you had! I hate it! It is making me so much trouble that I wish it were in the bottom of the sea. Now, Milla, if I tell you this, you must never breathe a word to any living soul."

"I have no one to tell it to, madam."

"Did you ever hear anything said about my uncle's will?"

"Not much," answered the little companion, with drooping face.

"It was in the papers—all about his leaving everything to me. I did not know but that you might have seen it. Well, Milla, there was another person who had a better right to the property than I. I was not brought up to expect any more than a small slice of it. For the larger portion was to be my cousin's. You must understand that, as a young man, he had a right to expect more than I, a girl; and uncle had always openly avowed that Otis was the principal heir. He used to say, laughing, that there was but one way for me to share equal rights with him—and that was—to marry—my cousin."

"A terrible thing!" echoed the listener, in a low voice.

"He had made a foolish bet at his club, lost it, and went out on the street, pledged to marry the first girl, under twenty, whom he met. He redeemed his word. He met a beggar-girl, and he married her."

"He should not have done it," murmured the poor companion, "for the girl's sake as well as his own, he should not have done it."

"You are right, Milla. But I have no room in my heart to pity the girl; she should not have taken up with such an offer. Well, when it came to the ears of his uncle my cousin was disinherited—driven out, penniless, to earn his bread, who knew no more how to work for wages than a child. He left this luxurious home which you see, and went—no one knows where. Then, when my uncle died suddenly last winter, instead of having softened toward poor Otis, he had not only left everything to me

which she had fallen it was evident that her mind was affected; she was ill, and was taken to her room, where she lay for weeks raving in the delirium of brain fever.

Before sunset of that day a warrant was issued for the arrest of Jasper Judson for the murder of Henry Otis; and the sheriff, with a heavy heart, took his way to the hitherto happy home of Squire Judson, whose pride, ambition, hope were all wrapped up in his only boy. A thunderbolt which should tear his heartstons from under his feet could not have so appalled the squire, as did the call of the officer who was sorry enough to make his errand known.

Mrs. Judson ordered the sheriff out of her house in her anger and indignation. He was very gentle with her, but he made her understand that he had no choice but to look the house over for her son.

"He is gone," she then said. "He took the black team and the light cutter just before noon and drove off as if he were possessed. I thought he had gone to take Ruth Fletcher out riding," and then the poor mother sunk into a chair and wept and moaned—it had come over her, "all in a flash," how Jasper had behaved all the morning!

He would not have any breakfast; and had been seen by his father, sitting on an old sled behind the barn, his face buried in his hands and his shoulders drooped; so that the squire had come in and said to her: "He was afraid Ruth had given the boy the mitten he seemed so down in the mouth." And then he had taken their best span of horses, just before noon-day, and without eating a morsel, had driven away at full speed.

"If he's gone, he's run away, that's all," said the sheriff. "I shall have to telegraph all about him to have him arrested wherever he is."

But the officer was mistaken in his very natural inference; Jasper had not run away; just as the sheriff was about leaving, with the two aids he had placed at the front and back doors, the young man of whom he was in search dashed up to the porch on which he was standing—with the splendid blacks all astir and foaming at the mouth, they had been driven so hard—flung the reins over their backs, leaped out of the cutter, and touched his hand on the handsome young fellow's shoulder, saying:

"You are my prisoner."

"Your prisoner! I should like to know what for?"

Jasper's tone was an haughty as any that ever issued from the aristocratic lips of the city schoolmaster.

"For the murder of Henry Otis."

"His murder? His murder? I thought it was well known and proven that he slipped into an out-door shooting, and that there was no one at hand to help him."

"So it was thought last night. But things have come to light to-day which justify the citizens in asking for a warrant for your arrest."

"Who accuses me?"

As we have said, the sheriff pitied the parents and his prisoner; perhaps the very attempt to justify his own course, then, urged him to make the cruellest possible reply.

Ruth Fletcher was the first to put the general suspicion into words. She says that she knew, last night, that you had killed Mr. Otis out of hate and revenge."

"Ruth said that?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say she did; and I'm more sorry to think, Jasper, that jealousy of any man should have led you to such a crime. There isn't a gal on earth is worth it," moralized the constable. "And now, see, what a box you've got yourself into. I'd rather be tied up and whipped than lay a hand on you, Jasper; but I must do my duty."

Not a word of reply did Jasper make; not a particle of resistance, as the three men surrounded him. He did not even look back at his moaning mother, who stood in the door wringing her hands; but stepped into the sleigh provided for him, and allowed himself to be driven into town and up to the door of the jail, which he entered without turning his head to the left or right, or seeming to feel any emotion.

The next day when his father sent the best lawyer of the county to consult with the prisoner on a line of defense, Jasper simply repeated the story he had told when he returned to the spectators, after his race on the ice with Otis.

"You need not trouble to get up any defense of me," he said, to the lawyer, indifferently. "I would as lief be hanged as not. Indeed, under the circumstances, I think I would rather prefer hanging to living."

"You will have to remain here in this cell until the first of June, anyway, Judson. Court does not sit until then—the fall term adjourned not long ago. You will have some time to decide whether you really want to defend yourself or not. I will not hurry you. You will feel differently in a few days."

But Jasper did not seem to have changed his mind at the end of a few days—weeks. The square set of his lips grew more decided; the resolute, almost dogged look in his deep gray eyes never changed; he did not deny; he did not complain; he did not open his heart to any one—not even to the heart-broken mother who came every day to spend an hour with him; and she, knew, in common with the rest of the world, believed him guilty. Yes. Mrs. Judson believed her son guilty, because of his strange conduct the day of his arrest, and because of his bearing since.

She forgave him and yearned over him as a mother will; she said to herself that the boy had always a quick temper, and that the schoolmaster must have provoked him in some intolerable manner.

January and February dragged slowly along. Much search had been made for the murdered man's body down at the mill-dam, where it was thought it would go over and be found below, where the water was too rapid for ice to form.

When it was not discovered there it was concluded that it had caught against and been held under the ice by some snag, or the long roots of the elm reaching out from the bank. It would be a hopeless task to cut away a half-mile of two-foot ice; and so public anxiety and expectation were faint to wait until the warm spring rains should break up the ice and bring the ghastly proofs of murder to light.

Of course if the body should be found to bear a knife-wound, the proof would be clear enough against young Judson.

"The wind-flower and the violet" were struggling through the moss in the brown old woods about Pentacket—the snow had melted from the hills and gleamed only here and there in the hollows—the stems of the willows along the river wore a bright gold, and

little crimson tufts were showing all over the maples—the sound of running waters filled the April nights with music—when Ruth Fletcher came out of the brain fever which had held her for three months, more dead than alive, and looked up feebly in her mother's face with hollow eyes of recognition.

During the muttered delirium which had held her so long, she had constantly been the accuser of Jasper Judson. The story of her love-affairs in broken, wild, incoherent babblings, was told over and over; and pieced together by those who watched over her sick bed.

"Jasper was angry—angry—because I threw his ring away!" she had cried, tossing her head from side to side, and staring with the bright eyes of fever from one to another face.

The ring thus referred to by the delirious girl, was found after some weeks, where she had flung it away that fatal night, and was taken as proof positive that she was telling facts in her ravings.

And so it was that Ruth was, from the very first moment when she denounced him, the worst enemy of the young man who loved her with all the strength of his powerful nature.

The delicate trailing arbutus was perfuming the moist forest nooks when Ruth came out of the long and weary confusion of madness, and looked once more consciously upon the things about her in the room where she had lain as close a prisoner as Jasper in his cell.

For several moments her large eyes, now sunken in her wasted face, looked quietly at her mother and around upon the familiar objects of her bed-chamber. When her lips moved her whisper was so faint that Mrs. Fletcher had to bend her ear close to listen.

"Why are you here, mother? Have Mr. Otis and David got back from school yet? Is anything the matter with me?"

She had yet to endure, weak as she was, the shock of returning memory—or of dreadful knowledge. Her mother spoke to her very soothingly, and was telling her that she had been ill for a little while, when Ruth suddenly cried, "Oh!" and began to weep so desperately that it was feared that the wasted chord of life would snap outright under the strain of memory and grief.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

WORK AND WAIT.

BY MARY REED.

Do you know, unconscious worker,
That a door is left ajar,
Through which eyes yet little dream of
What you are seeking far afar?

Why is your own life-web you're weaving
With a patience half-diffrine,
Do you know that you are stamping
Holy patterns upon mine?

Once I heard you sadly murmur,
As you faint exhausted lay;
"All my life amounts to nothing—
Nothing but aching, aching away—
As the words so slowly uttered,
In that sad, regretful tone:
The beauty of your patient life-work
O'er my mental vision shone.

Oh, I know, my weary sister,
How these thoughts sweep o'er the soul,
Making life's dull cares and burdens
Sickly, sickly, sickly, sickly—
While the heart in sickness hunger
Feeds on husks day after day;
Longing for that "something better"
In the mystic far-away.

But do not your head in sorrow;
Lift your sinking soul on high;
All this life-work must be measured
By the string "by and by,"
Laid through the aching peace and comfort
When these dark soul-shadows fall;
Though the struggle be e'er so silent,
God, the Father, knows it all.

The Red Cross:

THE MYSTERY OF WARREN-GUILDERLAND.
A STORY OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
A VERITABLE IMP.

The Gaylures went back to the city and took possession of their fine rooms in the Brunswick. The lawyer had not yet begun to hold his head up again, or to make new plans, in lieu of the grand scheme which he had declared to be frustrated by his eldest daughter's clandestine marriage with Griffith Thetford; but that event had seemed to stun him so thoroughly that he did not even take advantage of the bridegroom's minority to nullify the marriage, as he might have done, and his wife was under too strict subjection to suggest any course which he did not see for himself; his remaining daughter too devoutly resigned to the troubles Providence had sent it to send upon her sister, so the runaway match remained undisputed, and the runaway pair nestled under the parent wing in peace.

Yes, Griffith was fading away. Since his marriage one-tenth of the month had passed, with its sudden, inflexible starting of Kool out of the background, to take possession of his master, to hurry him away for three days into some hiding-place, where even his devoted bride could not find him; with Gaylure's gnawing suspense and fierce scrutiny of master and man on their return to public life; with Crystal's straining watch for revelations, and breathless listening for developments; with all the wonder, and bewilderment, the contemptuous fury, fear and curiosity of the different parties interested.

What has passed during these three days, when the pair who had always kept their own secret unquestioned, once more found themselves shut up together, waiting the inexorable visitation of the terrible malady which no human art could cure!

No one dared to ask, after the first baleful glare which shot from the eyes of the marble Kool, when Adalgisa, "rushing in where angels feared to tread," brusquely demanded a record of the three days.

But any one might see that Kool had heard enough to bow his head and blanch his cheek in ghastly resemblance to Gaylure; and that the poor lad himself was hovering on the verge of some hideous disclosure, half-conscious yet maddeningly bewildered concerning its nature, and piteously anxious, come life or death, to clear up the sinister chaos of dreams, or memories, or devil-sent terrors which had seemed in his brain ever since his mysterious journey somewhere, unattended, to do something forgotten during that former visitation.

So when Crystal saw that fraud or flattery would not serve her purpose, or open the mystic gate of Griffith's secret, she risked all she owned in life, and so conquered.

One day shortly subsequent to the visit of Berthold, the tiny form of Miss Crystal sailed into her father's office down-town, where he had languidly set up his business with the bitter reflection that he must work or starve, to spin him on; and coming up to his desk and laying a titan hand in undressed pearl gray kid resolutely on his paper, she drew it away and forced him to look at her.

"What is it?" demanded he, listlessly, having looked at her with lack-luster eyes for a while.

"Wake up more; you're falling asleep yet," said she, crisply, as her other fairy hand emerged from her muff with a stylish little volume in it.

"I have no time to waste, girl; go away," said the papa, sourly, for his younger daughter's free-and-easy familiarity with him was apt to strike him as impertinence, rather than affectionate confidence.

She whipped open the little book, and showed him a few lines written in his hand, across a blank page.

They were his written promise that, in reward for a certain service (not specified) which she had done him, he would permit her to marry how, when, and whom she pleased.

"Ay, I see! Recollect," said he, sneering, "who is the man, then?"

"Mind your promise, now!" chuckled the sharp young creature, airily, shaking her finger very near her recoiling papa's face, and tripping to the door, she briskly turned the key in it, and came back dancing, watched from under gathered brows by Mr. Gaylure.

"I'm not going to have my marriage sneaked off in a corner," she began, throwing herself out of breath, and flushed with her exertions, into the client's chair; "I mean to be married at home, with my dear parents to bless me." She stopped a moment to bend down and peer into the scowling man's face, he regarding her with a cynical and impudent air.

"Does she know of my marriage?" panted Thetford, turning round his sharp, wasted face on the German, reckless of his fair bride's dismal smile.

"She does, and with all her noble heart she wishes you happiness," answered Berthold, finely incapable of any other emotion concerning the young who was dying for love of Cordelia save compassion.

"Happiness! My God!" groaned Griffith, turning away. At which Adalgisa blackened murderously, and Crystal sent a sudden, stinging shiver of laughter through the tingling chandelier.

"Poor Griffith is morbid about his ill-health," murmured the mother, amiably, trying to smooth matters before the stranger; "he will feel differently by-and-by."

"Never!" said Griffith, rising tremblingly from his seat, and looking round upon them all with glittering, burning eyes, "my days are numbered; it has not many more visits to pay me."

"Hush! Hush!" almost screamed Adalgisa, springing to seize the youth roughly by the arm and shake him; "if you are going to chat and reveal your nonsens!" I'll shut you up!" she cried, "Stop! No chat! I want to be married in Grace Church, by three clergymen; I want six bridesmaids, and oceans of floral decorations; I want fifty guests, a breakfast, ten thousand dollars worth of bridal trousseau—and all you mean to give me settled on myself, so that I can get the good of it while I am young and pretty. And—that's all."

"Mr. Gaylure leaned back in his chair, so very wide awake that his eyes seemed thrice their usual size, and after glaring at his "young and pretty" offspring awhile, he drew a long breath, and said:

"And that's all, is it? Sure there's nothing else you've omitted? Think, my modest darling; it would grieve me to see you deny yourself anything!" Then, with a fierce change from irony: "You are, I see, in actual brazen earnest. I shall meet you in the same spirit. Marry whom you choose, but I must be permitted to give exactly what I think fit. Who is the fool I say?"

"That," said the bride-elect, placidly, "is my secret; and, moreover, time will show whether I am a fool. Meantime, let me tell you that I don't mean to be trifled with. I haven't asked for much considering the rather ugly things I know of your private schemes, my pious parent." She leaned forward, and peered eye to eye into his shrinking face. "Adalgisa has made a mess of her fortune, and I don't intend to copy her; I have an ambition to show the value of brains over beauty, ha! ha!"

The lawyer almost tore himself away from the creeping glamour of the little creature, and walked up and down his office, struck with perfect horror.

When this girl had been an infant about the size of a doll, he had used to note her little sharpnesses, her acuteness, her keen, unerring power of getting the best of every bargain, and he had used to laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks, and shout with glee to his wife: "Isn't she a chip of the old block, though? She'll do!"

And he saw the pang of sharp, loving pain which his announcement stirred in her bosom, and the maiden wonder and confusion coming after, at the idea of Thetford's having loved her.

And Herman said in his inner spirit, before he knew it, "Thank God!" For it had ever lain like bitter dreggs at the bottom of his consciousness that the beautiful boy was far likelier to win his darling's love than such as he, staid and scholarly; and then he marveled at the human impulse to invoke an Omnipotent Power in moments of supreme feeling, and he turned for the time aside, to ponder.

And Cordelia, who had seen the flash with which he read her frank, sisterly grief on Griffith's account, and who guessed the involuntary invocation, which to him was so marvelous, sat silent, with dove-eyes steeped in love and hope, and fervid thoughts soaring heavenward.

She stopped with an angry scream, for her father had sprung forward and clapped his hand upon her mouth, holding her by the neck with his other hand in no tender clasp.

"Imp of the Evil One!" he hissed, hoarsely.

"How dare you bearded me thus! How do you know?" he choked his imprudent admissions with a furious oath, and hurling her from him, turned his back on her.

She gathered herself up, the little mite, under five feet by a half, and quivering in every tiny limb with impudence and courage, strutted round in front of him, and holding up her tiny talons with all the claws working furiously, as some sort of guard from his further violence, spluttered:

"If it wasn't for my own sake I'd scream enough to hang you, you hypocrite, you schemer, you stupid, bat-blind, murdering—"

"For Heaven's sake!" groaned the man, driven to bay, "hold your tongue, and you shall have what you want."

And she had:

CHAPTER XL.

FORCING DESTINY AND HEALING A WOUND.

"But, my dear, so very odd, you know," feebly remonstrated Mrs. Gaylure, her youngest olive branch having announced her wishes, backed by her father's authority; "who ever heard of a bride acting so—concealing from her very own mother who the bridegroom is to be until she, along with all the world, sees him walking up the aisle; and a display of this sort so soon after poor 'Gisa's miserable match; and—and—"

"And, in fact, why don't I make a mat of myself for my respected pastor and masters to clean their boots on, if they've a mind to do so, according to the filial sentiment of the dark depths?" sneered the bride-elect, catching the words out of her bewildered mother's mouth.

"Make my mind easy, madre-mia, not being alone to look after my own interests, you don't catch me making a mess of anything mine. Father has sensibly decided to let me alone, and hand over the wherewithal for my fate, asking no questions. Be you likewise dumb and docile."

"Let Crys alone, mamma," drawled Adalgisa, darkly. "She's too deep a rascal for you or me. Let her go to the dogs if she pleases."

"Thanks—that's done already in our family," clipped in the bride; and the baroness sunk back in her corner of the sofa again, black with suspicion.

"These are the names

straying, half lost, but always loved, among the other denizens of His world. All things had come to her through the crucible of her beautiful mind, had come to her softened, etherealized, sublimed; not at all as all things come to the wide-awake, common-sense usual woman, but as they affected her spiritually, never assuming their own unbeautiful, actual shapes; as the poet looks out on the same world as the hind, and through his poet's eyes sees Divinity manifested where the other sees red earth and wet skies, so this Madonna among women saw a wonderful, Heaven-planned drama where the most of her sisters would have only perceived the common lot—common enough as they saw it! This slight analysis of a not unfrequent character will account for much that would otherwise have been impossible in the experience of this cruelly-used lady; had she been ordinarily realistic she could never have been imposed upon, cheated and humbugged, as we have seen her. And now, thanks to her dreamy quietude, characteristically undisturbed by practical inquiry into the facts of her situation, she was slowly recovering in the arms of her faithful child, saved from the knowledge which would have killed her.

The result of the chance disclosures of any of the numberless friends who were constantly calling to express their sympathy with Mrs. Valrose's illness, and to learn where the colonel had gone, Cordelia admitted no one to her mother's presence, and awaited with trembling impatience the return of her strength, that she might carry her to some far-away refuge, where they and their past would be equally unknown, and where the poor lady might live and die in the merciful belief that she was a widow.

In the mean time, what had become of the two men, ancient friends, whose criminal compact twenty years ago had ended in ruin?

We have seen how, one after the other, they were induced by conscience—stirred by the German—to give up the women they had criminally taken to themselves, and how they had sought to make all the reparation left in their power.

Jonas Kercheval, ill, penniless and deranged, could do nothing but separate from Margaret and hide himself; Victor Valrose, however, could do more; he had a fortune, health and apparently many years before him. To his bitter lot it fell to endow both the wronged women, to give up Madeline whom he loved and to return to Margaret, confessing the fraud which had been practiced upon her, and offering in reparation a husband's duty for the rest of his life, leaving it with her to accept him as her lawful husband again, or to exact a separate maintenance from him.

This terrible ordeal Colonel Valrose had been quite ready for, but Heaven was more merciful to him than he himself would have been, and raised an obstacle in his way which he dared not set aside.

After that interview between the two penitents in Bertholm's hotel, Jonas sunk into what seemed to be too surely hopeless insanity; one startling phase developed itself before Victor had time to separate from him; having fully identified Victor as his old chum, his brother, the unfortunate Kercheval suddenly clutched at him, and would not permit him out of his sight. Supposing this but a passing caprice, Valrose bade adieu to the German, (who had begged to be allowed to keep Kercheval with him, hoping to make a study of his case and to ameliorate it,) and set out on his dreaded journey to Wisconsin; but a telegram recalled him from the first station he reached. Berthold implored him to come back; Kercheval was unmanageable, and returned, and found his old brother fearfully agitated at his absence, refusing to be comforted, and evidently ready to destroy himself if it was continued.

Valrose stayed with him until the storm seemed to have blown over, then made the attempt again; with the same result. Several persistent attempts, all alike frustrated by the patient's dangerous excitement, proved the impossibility of Valrose abandoning Kercheval in his present state of health, and Berthold said, with clearing brow:

"Give up your project—at least until your friend's life does not depend upon your presence; you dare not associate with him at the same time with Margaret. It would be cruel indeed to undecoy her as to his death, and you would assuredly do so if they were within the same city. Since it is thus, permit me to counsel that you leave these wronged ladies alike in ignorance of their wrongs, settle your property upon them as your sense of justice prompts, and, devoting your life to this your ancient friend and fellow culprit, hide you in some indiscernible solitude, and wait the end."

And, with deep gratitude for the reprieve, Victor Valrose took the wise German's advice.

He sent for his darling Cordelia, and receiving her sweet approbation, also, and her precious promise that she would visit him in his hiding-place as often as she could, perhaps in time bringing with her his true daughter, the noble-hearted Anne, she sent him off, bowed down, but not broken—penitent, but not despairing. Then the two men went and hid themselves in a quiet little establishment in the depths and on the heights of the forests of the Catskill Mountains, within a few hours' ride of the city, and time began to flow in dim, unripped current past them.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 335.)

GATHER THE JOYS OF TO-DAY.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

To-day there are sunshine and flowers, Yet unheeded pass by the bright hours, Until storms gather dark o'er the way; Then we sigh o'er to-day's stormy sorrow, And wait the joy of to-morrow, And the sun-kissed hours that have passed swiftly away.

Oh, why not gather the gladness, And by the sorrow and sadness? Life's joys are too precious to waste In idly lamenting our sorrow, And waiting the joy of to-morrow, And in our hopes of the future forget of to-day's sweets to taste.

The honey-bee sips from blown roses, Now waits till the last bud uncloses Its leaves in the fragrance of the air; But gathers from flowers that are blowing, And thus a true lesson is learned, To gather the sweets of the present, the future has nothing to spare.

If mortals would follow this teaching, And not in the future be reaching For something to-day does not hold; Yet we pass by the daisy's meek whiteness To see the sun's grand brightness, And with unashamed craving we let pass the moments of gold.

Though life hath its sorrows and losses, And many and heavy its crosses; And the sun does not shine all the hours; Yet the world holds many a pleasure, And many a diamond-priced treasure, And if we search we will surely find that something of Heaven is ours.

The Gamin Detective;

OR,
Willful Will, the Boy Clerk.

A Story of the Centennial City.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,
AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. SOMERS' STORY.

"I HAVE BEEN a very unfortunate man," said old Mr. Somers, to a gentleman visiting him. "Not that I wish to parade my troubles, but I speak of them with the constant hope of receiving some important information."

"I am in a trade where a good deal of important information comes in," said his visitor. "Perhaps I may help you."

"You are a stranger to me, sir, but I judge from your manner you can sympathize with a father's misfortune. I will tell you my story."

"I will listen, and make no promises," said his visitor, smiling.

He had called on Mr. Somers and asked him a variety of questions which some would have considered impertinent. But his manner was easy and quiet, and the old gentleman answered him without hesitation.

"I am a lonely old man now," he proceeded, "yet I have a son and a daughter, still living here, though I have lost sight of them for years."

"Indeed," said his visitor.

"It has been the one aim of my life to find them. I have not yet succeeded, and fear I never shall."

"Proceed, sir. Who knows but I may help you?"

"I was a poor man at the time of my wife's death," he said. "I have since acquired considerable property. I had an enemy."

"A poor man, too?"

"Yes, a mere vagrant. He smarted under some family injury that I had done him. He attacked me in my own home in relation to my wife."

"He was a violent-tempered man and insulted me. I was hot-tempered then, and I punished him for his insults."

"Exactly, and made him revengeful!"

"My two children—infants then—were stolen one day, in which I was absent and my wife unwell. It is not necessary to enter into particulars. It is enough to say that we traced them to this vagrant. He was sharply pursued, but we never succeeded in finding him."

"That was indeed a misfortune."

"It killed my wife, and has made me a wanderer for years. I have constantly sought that villain, and the two precious ones he stole. Alas! he had two well covered up his track."

"And you have found no trace of him?"

"Not of his charge. I have traced him, but too late. He has escaped me by death. His secret is in the grave with him."

"Where did he die?"

"Here. In Philadelphia. That is why I have settled here. I have hopes that the children may still be alive and in this city."

"This is a decidedly interesting matter," said the visitor. "It is certainly worth while trying to trace the children. What was the man's name?"

"Jake Johnson was the name he was always known by."

"Have you set the police force of the city at work on this search?"

"No, I have not much confidence in them. I preferred to conduct it myself."

"You did wrong there. A thousand men, well posted about the city, are certainly better than one man not at all posted. Please tell me all you know about this man, how you discovered him, when he died, and where he was buried."

Mr. Somers proceeded to do so, in a long narrative of no special interest to the reader.

"And he kept up his vagrant habits to the last?"

"Yes, but had not the children with him. I can trace him back for some months before his death, and he was alone during that period."

"He probably did not trouble himself with them long," said the visitor. "Men of that character, unless they can make some special use of them, do not care to be bothered with incumbrances. He has likely placed them somewhere where he calculated you would never find them."

"That may be so," said Mr. Somers, thoughtfully. "But where?"

"That is what you need to consider," was the reply. "I should go first to the most obvious quarter. Men of his kind naturally gravitate to the poor-house. He may have dropped them in some such place. Have you searched the books of the poor-houses?"

"No," said Mr. Somers, greatly interested. "I never thought of that."

"You see where your fault was then, in depending too much on yourself, and not calling in the detective police. You forget that it is the business of their lives to search out crimes and mysteries."

"I wish I had met you sooner. It would have been better than the detectives."

"I am a detective," was the reply.

"You are," cried Mr. Somers, in great astonishment.

"Yes, sir. My name is Fitter. I thank you for your confidence in this matter. If you wish I will undertake to work it up. I am in doubt that it may be too late."

"I shall be too happy to have the services of the poorhouse? Why did you turn me loose on the world?" he bitterly asked.

"My God! I turn you loose! You were stolen from me by an enemy. I would have lost my dear's blood first. Oh! my son, can you repulse me, and my whole soul yearning for your love?"

"I will tell you," said Mr. Fitter, "since I am satisfied, from your answers, that I was on a wrong track. You know a boy called Will Somers?"

"I know no such boy," cried the old gentleman, excitedly. "If I did I should know my own son, for that was his name. Why do you ask me such a question as that?"

"Because you certainly do know him, and have had visits from him. It is that brings me here."

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Somers,

in perplexity. "The only boy I know of is one engaged in Mr. Leonard's dry-goods store. He saved me from being crushed under a street car. I have been very grateful to him, and have called on him, and made him visit me."

"And is that all?" said the officer, laughing. "You do not know what suspicions have been excited."

"But Will Somers, you say. Is that his name? I did not ask him."

"That is his name."

"Do you think it possible he may be my son?" asked the old gentleman, pathetically. "I do hope he may. For I have been strangely drawn toward him. I love him already."

"It is not impossible," was the reply. "Will has had a rough life in the streets. I do not know his antecedents."

"Heaven send he may prove my son," said the old man, with tears in his eyes. "He is none the worse for his rough life. He is noble, brave, strong and beautiful. I would be glad to call him son."

"And looks like you, Mr. Somers."

"Do you really think so? I had a thought that way. That is another important link."

"Do not build too high on this chance. You may be disappointed. It is worth investigating though."

"Yes, yes, it shall be, thoroughly. I must see him this very day—this very hour. But the suspicions you speak of. What are they?"

Mr. Fitter proceeded to give him an outline of the robberies in Mr. Leonard's store, and Will's connection with them.

"But do you think that my boy—I must call him my boy—do you think he had anything to do with them? I cannot believe it. He is too straightforward and noble."

"I believe he is perfectly innocent, and for the very reason you give. It don't do, though, for a detective to rest under a belief. We find, sometimes, the most honest appearance to cover roguery. I make it a rule to follow every trail, no matter how unpromising it seems."

"You have not much faith in human nature, then?"

"Not an over stock. My experience has not been very much calculated to make me trust people."

"I trust Will, then. I wish I could see him this minute."

His wish was granted. At that minute Will was announced.

He came in with his usual easy, indifferent air, nodded to Mr. Fitter, with a look of surprise at seeing him there, and shook hands with Mr. Somers.

"But do you think that my boy—I must call him my boy—do you think he had anything to do with them? I cannot believe it. He is too straightforward and noble."

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His wish was granted. At that minute Will was announced.

"I have heard of you," he said, with some shyness.

"You know I am Arlington," he replied.

"My name is Arlington," said Will.

"Yes, sir. May I ask how you have learned my name?"

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